

MiPo~Print

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I Think Of Millay After The Men

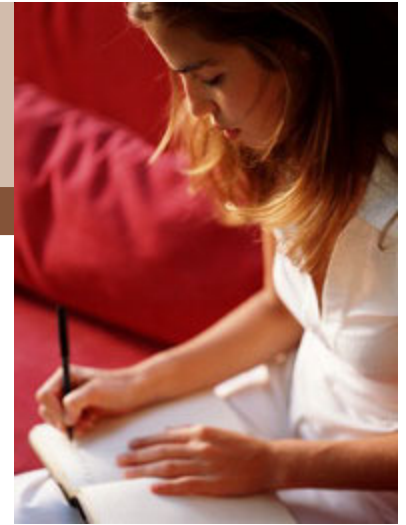
after so many she
could leave before
they left her, think
of the one who left
her first, made her
feel like his mother,
made her know her
skin wasn't as it had

been, her hair less
red. I think of the
last man who turned
my body lava, how
all that was molten
froze and I made
excuses, think of her
retreating back to the

man who could care
for her as she wanted
to be, an ache in
memory, that dark
rose blooming in her.
I think of tearing
the phone out, think
of her not liking her

yellow teeth, the
waist no longer a
child's, see her
watching birds at
the window, more
sure they'll come
back to her when
she was of any lover.

~Lyn Lifshin



We have stories for you today, stories of lost and found, of understanding and realization, stories both poised and rambling, stories.

The stories here are poems, their words bring us both the writers and their recollections: a night ago taking us back through millenia, a morning of sunnny languor, mail and memory to involve us, stories.

The poems today sing themselves through varied voice: questioning, declaring, pondering - kneeling before us in their own self-examinations, joys and confusions, letting us see.

So kick back and relax - download, print and enjoy the five little poems in this chapter of the big MiPo~Print story.

~John Eivaz

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Barb - to ferny one night ago:

One Night Ago

~MiKe Klumpp

as I recall
(and I do)
we were in Tennessee
watching as the hills moved
so slowly - plates sliding
sediment shifting
so
slowly - who knows
did the earth even turn?

as I recall
(and I do)
the sky
wide open
and so black
with stars and
some tattered
clouds
in the shape
of
dinosaur wrecks
ancient cryptic hydrographics
from nature
tattooing a message
laughing
a design
the dragon
breathing
(fog aloft)
smoke
without flame
up
up in the sky

mike maxon -
(and I do)
recall
railroad bill
(and I do)
recall

-to hell with the Valdez
and all the oily otters
I got problems of my own
there is oil on my shore
pollution
spilt
about the feet
of my precious
person
washing up
at my feet
a film of decayed giants
a covering
of life
compressed
and decomposed
not yet coal
not yet diamond-

ferny -
who peed in her own shoes
squatting behind the automobile
drunk
laughing -

as i recall
(and I do)
when that night passed
(and it did)
it was gone

and

as far as I can tell
has never been considered
pondered
remembered
discussed
or
-to hell with the Valdez
why do you tell me about it
why do you enrage me
with the news of events
too large for me to understand
too consequential for me to embrace
what do you want me to do
I myself
(and I am)
am on the rocks
stranded
spewing fumes
and residue
through tears in my hull
a drunken captain at the helm
I am helpless
Alaska
I am unable to save you

- but -

ferny - peed in her shoes
she left them
and we drove off
barefoot
laughing -

as I recall
(and I do)
we never looked back
we never spoke again
and that night passed
- unnoticed -

plates shifting
fog rising
dinosaur wrecks drifting
and earth turning.

Opening E-mail As
Many Days From
When I Was With You
As I was With You

the red flag is still a
red flag, churning
and flutter. Some
times it yelps forget
any younger troubled
loner, forget any man
whose mother leaps
into the falls while he
was writhing on the
floor on morphine
after the cycle skids
into what won't, like
my longing, give.
Forget the torn stain
glass windows some
one puts iron thru
and he goes after. For
get the cops tracking
him, the wound in
his side, how he was
inches from not
making it. Don't let
that red e-mail flag
make your blood hope.
You know enough
of snow men. Even his
name is Winter. Don't
think how you sat on the
bleachers in high school
waiting to be asked to
dance, when your skin
was still perfect just
because a real hunk
flirts and lures. Or may
be you lured him.
Watch out for red flags,
they could be a warn
ing, lust that blurs to loss.

~Lyn Lifshin

*acquiring
each other*

~PJ Nights

the only color outside his window,
her red kerchief flags a cove
fogged in the day's first incantations

he breathes in coffee and salt
as she touches her lips, breast, hips -
a tentative press to test the welcome ache

he expects her smile as she turns
but not the way it grows into its own presence
and balloons inside him, filling all things hollow

downstairs, she's set the breakfast nook
with chrysanthemums and soft-boiled eggs,
white china fragile as a fishbone

as delicate as her guarded arrival,
a poise she allowed dismantled
in the copper light of evening

their bed sheets a noisy, naked river
he coaxed painless poltergeists -
let ghosts escape from the borderlands

this morning, she swings lightly through
the screen door onto his lap,
and feeds him bits of toast, kisses



Clearwater

~James Lineberger



Forgive
me but it's my poem
and mostly my life and over the years
I've learned to cut myself a little
slack, so I won't be using
the word "abandoned," thank you, when I say
that was the first time
I "left" them, but what made this particular
departure
really weird was
that I lit out on Christmas Eve, worst day on the calendar
for me, always has been. It was one of
those warm Decembers so typical
in the Carolinas, temperature in the low seventies,
with a fresh generation of flies feeding on the dogshit in the yard,
the kind of weather that
made the peach growers frantic
because they knew the cold snap wouldn't be far behind.
My brother,
who was separated from his first wife at the time,
had said I could stay with him till I got myself together
and decided what to do,
but when I arrived he was away,
no note to explain
his whereabouts, no welcome of any kind, except
all the windows were raised and the front door was standing wide open
like the entrance to some dimly lit bar.
I put down my old duffle bag, and wandered
through the house like an intruder, ending up finally in the bedroom,
where I knelt by the torn mattress
that served for a bed, muttering some kind of God Forgive Me prayer,
and suddenly, with the sweat pouring off me,
I began to shiver,
realizing I had no idea where I was headed or who this person was that lived here.

